

Crew unearths cathedral

By Jimmy Olsen

Construction workers, making preliminary excavations on the site of the college's new science center, have unearthed what some believe to be an entire subterranean cathedral. Mr. Monty Markham, the work crew foreman reported that the crew had been "poking around" the statue of the Blessed Mother atop the Charles Street-Cold Spring Lane hill with a backhoe. Tuesday afternoon they encountered an obstruction buried several feet beneath the surface, directly below the statue.

"It was a hell of a shock," Mr. Markham said. "We couldn't figure out what it was until we brought up an earth mover and did some more digging." The digging revealed what appears to be the uppermost spire of a completely buried cathedral. The statue evidently forms the tip of the uppermost spire. (See diagram).

College officials were hesitant to comment on the discovery, stating only that a study of the problem would be completed sometime this week. A reliable source close to the President, however, stated that an attempt had been made to "cover up" the cover up.

"As soon as word hit upstairs that something was buried there, we were instructed not to say anything to anybody," the source said. "A memo was released to the construction foreman which read 'Fill the damn hole back up and report for briefing.'"

Mr. Markham confirmed the report. "That's right, I received a memo telling me to bury what we had uncovered. Of course that's silly. Anybody knows that our union only allows us to take dirt out of a hole, not put it back. I had to wait for a clearance from union headquarters before I could cover the thing up."

A check of archdiocese records reveals that indeed a cathedral had been built on the site in 1899 by a group of Trinitarian Friars. The cathedral was in use until 1922, when Loyola College bought the property. The Friars moved out, buried the structure, and left the statue on the tip of the spire uncovered for future reference.

Prentiss Browne, architect for the science center, reportedly clapped his hands over his face when he heard of the discovery and said, "Oh shit."

When asked why archdiocesan records had not been checked to find out about subterranean structures in the area, Mr. Roger "Rah-rah" Schifferli, director of development said, "Shut up."

Fr. Sellinger, President of Loyola College could not be reached for comment. His secretary stated that he was in the process of revising his Maryland Day Speech for publication in The Young Catholic Messenger. Entitled "Wings 'n Things," the speech will be improved to appeal to young Catholics, grades six to eight.

Mr. Steve "B&D" McNierney, now director of Five Year Plans for Black and Decker Industries, was contacted by phone at his office in Towson. "Now let me just say this: I knew it was there, but I had never seen it. You could say I reasoned to it a priori. I didn't tell Joe (Sellinger) because, well, you know, with my move in the offing, and so forth. Have you ever seen our three speed router?"

Pedro Arrupe, contacted by phone in Rome said, "He's no-mah job men."

Leslie Freudenheim, self-styled architectural expert for the Morning Sun said, "It's not a cathedral. It's a synagogue. God told me."

A poll taken this morning in the Student Center of fifteen students revealed that an overwhelming majority of 62 per cent said they would rather have an underground cathedral on the site than a science center; 12 per cent said they wanted a science center; 9 per cent said they preferred an underground science center; and 21 per cent said they wanted a McDonald's. 16 per cent were neutral in favor of the cathedral, and one student simply said: "I don't give a damn what they put there. I just want to get my diploma and get the hell out of here."

A member of the sciences faculty here remarked, "Why not just hold classes in the nave and labs in the choir loft?"

Woolly Mammoth on campus

by King Wang

In a report released by scientists today, they disclosed the existence of the prehistoric Woolly Mammoth somewhere on Loyola campus. The telltale Mammoth draggings were discovered by workers laying telephone cables in the Butler Hall area.

Originally the findings were hushed up so as not to alarm the residents while the appropriate authorities were notified.

According to Doctor S.E. Xafiend, the head researcher of the diggings, "the beast is relatively harmless except at night, however, it seems to have an astonishing growth during the late hours. At best we can tell that its daylight habits are not dangerous; it must curl up and hibernate between some rocks during the day."

WEIRD neighbors offer compromise

The association for the Welfare and Environmental Improvement of Residential Districts (WEIRD) met on April 1 in the Old Gallagher Mansion to discuss Loyola's new apartment Construction.

The friendly neighborhood association finally agreed to let Loyola build "contingent on Loyola's acceptance of the recommendations of a neighborhood working group."

Say Dr. Fuz, WEIRD president, "We finally narrowed these recommendations down to a mere 97. I nailed these to the door of the Alumni Chapel. Don't think we're trying to tell you what to do. We are telling you what to do."

The primary concern of WEIRD is the traffic on Notre Dame Lane. Says one irate neighbor, "What do those students think we built that road for, cars or something?"

According to Dr. Fuz, the association has formulated an ingenious plan that would eliminate all college traffic on Notre Dame Lane. "You all just let your students ride their cars down past the dorms and park on the library hill. Then run a ferry across the pond. That would drop the students right in their own back yards. Why, that pond is so damn polluted you could even run a shuttle bus across it. Ha, ha, ha, ha."

Several neighbors who use the library pond for their water supply are concerned that the pond traffic will only add to the poor quality of their water. Comments one resident "I don't want no cigarettes, beer cans and 125th anniversary buttons

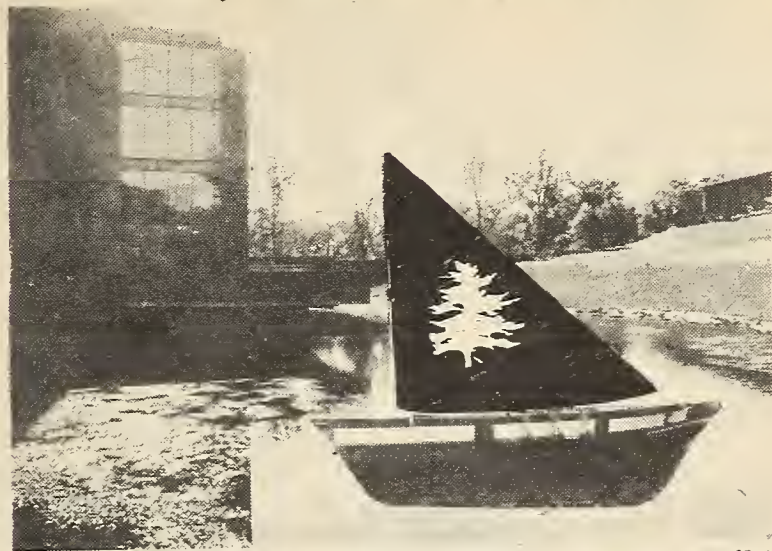
swimming around in my bath water."

The WEIRD group further stipulated that Loyola must build a nine foot high wall around the entire campus. The barrier must be built of six - inch thick lead bricks. "We're not unreasonable," adds Dr. Fuz. "We're going to let you put windows in every 100 feet - barred of course. Your Apprentice Browne even suggested window boxes with miniature evergreens. He recommended a man who landscaped San Quentin."

The third WEIRD condition concerns the added strain on sewage lines in the immediate area. "Can't you keep your shit on campus?", says Dr. Fuz.

Many neighbors fear more resident students will cause a security problem in the area. "We see some queer kid in the yard and right away we think it's a college bum. So we call the police," accounts one WEIRD member. "Next thing we know, we get a call from the station, and they tell us we turned in one of our own kids. You just can't keep track of all these little bastards running around."

The final item on the WEIRD agenda was a panel discussion on how to prevent excess noise from the apartment complex. Says Dr. Fuz, "Some of the neighbors thought we ought to ask the administration to cut out students' tongues. I thought that was a bit strong." Says one source, "It took a bit of convincing to cool down some of those folks. At one point old Dr. Fuz was tearing up floorboards of the Gallagher mansion and hurling them at some old ladies. Bet he won't tell you about that, the old devil."



Library pond mass transit. (Charon behind sail.)

At present the Mammoth cannot be found, but Doctor Eugene Wascoff, also handling the investigations, says that "We have set a box trap for the beast, but it hasn't risen to the bait yet."

So far there has only been one reported sighting of the beast by a very shaken up Hammerman resident, who stated that "The creature loomed up at me the other night while I was returning from the rat. I wouldn't have noticed it except for its moanings and then it attacked. I managed to beat it off and the beast shot off into the distance. Needless to say I was terrified, I didn't know it was coming."

The Mammoth has been identified as a member of the Jonus Melnus family and was previously thought to be extinct. However, this finding sheds new light on prehistoric animals.

Actually the Mammoth is not a direct family member of the Jonus Melnus but just a descendent, stemming from the Tennessee Thumps family, says researcher Richard Bangster.

States scientist Harry Kuntier, "The reason we can't find the damn thing is that it has an exceptional ability to burrow."

Loyola administration seems upset at this prickly situation, stated one official, "This is indeed a sticky area, actually we don't know what to do about it." Stated another official, "I just had a handful of it and I want to drop the whole matter." Wondered a third, "I don't know how we can play it down."

One scientist acknowledged that it was a hairy problem and that, "I wish we had a time machine to push it back to where it came from."

Dr. Mair swears the oath

Dr. Hans Mair, late of Loyola's department of political science, was inaugurated as the 39th president of the United States yesterday in Washington.

Wearing a button on his lapel which proclaimed, "I'm an Atheistic Materialistic Bolshevik, and I'm Proud of it," Dr. Mair swore the oath of office before cheering throng estimated by D.C. police to be in excess of 230.

Following the oath-taking, Dr. Mair delivered the shortest inaugural address in history, lasting only five minutes.

After welcoming his inaugural guests, Dr. Mair began, "We have fabricated the final downfall of the nefarious forces of fanatic Fascism." Beaming in the wave of applause which then engulfed him, Dr. Mair was heard to whisper, "And they thought old Sprio could alliterate!"

A sinister gleam then came into the President's eyes, then quote he, "Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer to effect all the promises between us made." His face turning bright red, the President continued, "Tut, Faustus, the Presidency is but a ceremonial toy; and if thou lovest me, think no more of it. I'll call thee out the fairest labor leaders and bring them every morning to thy bed."

His face turning even redder, the President gestured violently with his fists, and proclaimed, "What the bourgeoisie therefore produced, above all, are its own gravediggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable."

The President concluded his speech by urging, "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chast...uh...chains."

The President then sped off down Pennsylvania Avenue, driving his own bright red Lincoln Continental, with air-conditioning, AM-FM radio, white walls, wheel covers, and automatic windows.

In related developments, the President named a multitude of people to posts in his new administration, noticable failing in his effort to bring more bald, Teutonic professors of political science into the government. The President later explained, "There simply weren't enough qualified, bald, Teutonic professors of political science to fill these positions."

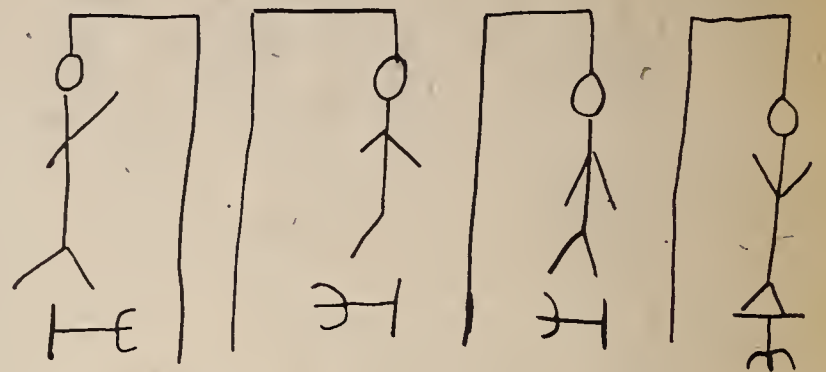
Those named to positions in the Mair administration include Farah Fawcett-Majors as Secretary of State, ("She can carry my diplomatic pouch any time!" the president

proclaimed), Reggie Jackson as Secretary of Treasury, Niccolo Machiavelli as Attorney General (posthumously), the tandem of Jerry Kapstein and Charlie Finley as Co-Secretaries of Labor, and John Dutton as Secretary of Defense ("Oh, that kind of defense," the President was later heard to utter).

Also named to the Mair cabinet were Idi Amin as Secretary of HEW, Caesar Chavez as Secretary of Commerce, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary as Secretary of Agriculture, the crew of the Argo Merchant as co-Secretaries of Transportation, Earl Butz as Secretary of HUD, and the board of directors of Allied Chemical as co-Secretaries of the Interior.

Several non-Cabinet posts were also filled, with Mini DiPietro named as American ambassador to the UN, Walter Weickers as FBI director, and the god Apollo as head of the CIA.

Two of President Mair's colleagues from Loyola were given positions in the President's inner circle, with Dr. Donald T. Wolfe chosen as Special Presidential advisor for southern accents and chain-smoking, and Dr. Philip McCaffrey picked to fill the dual post of poet-laureate and curator of strange sideburns.



Pre-meds butchered; decide to "hang it up"

Twelve college students were found hung in the Biology lab of Loyola college, yesterday. The students, all males who attended Loyola, had apparently made a suicide pact. Dr. Charles Graham, head of Loyola's Biology department, explained at a press conference that apparently "the boys were depressed over not getting into med school."

The bodies were found early yesterday morning by a Dr. Butcher, who was coming in early that morning "to clean some tubes" he said. "I walked in and there were these fellows hanging from the ceiling. The bastards must have kicked their legs a lot because there was equipment kicked all over the floor. What a mess."

After Dr. Butcher cleaned up the "mess," he called Physical Plant manager George Causey. Said Mr. Causey, "Butcher was very calm. He said that there were some carcasses that had to

be hauled out of the lab. "Startin' to stink," he said to me."

The twelve young men all had signed a note that was written on the black board. The note said, "We are failures, a shame to ourselves and the Biology department. This scorn burns into us so that we can no longer face the light of day. It's all Butcher's fault."

Dr. Butcher would only respond by saying that he agreed that the young men were a disgrace to the department.

"One of 'em even had a 3.5 average. None of them had over 3.7, the bums. They didn't want to work. Why one of 'em told me he even went out one night a month."

One sad note to this story is that the parents of the dead students have not received the bodies. It seems that Dr. Butcher told his students to perform practice autopsies on the student bodies. Now, claims one parent, the bio students don't feel like sewing the bodies up.

Hammerman flasher exposed

Campus police today report that they have found the "Hammerman Flasher," the man responsible for terrorizing the residents of Loyola's all-women dormitory. The suspect is to be arraigned today on five counts of indecent exposure and five counts of gross misrepresentation.

According to an informed source, the suspect is a former president of the Loyola College student government. Allegedly, the suspect was caught in the act of exposing himself to forty-two Hammerman residents last night when finally a campus policewoman got bored after three hours of it and had him locked up, according to an RA.

"The Hammerman Flasher" has been haunting the residence halls for some time now. His method of operation was to calmly walk down a hallway until he was confronted, then open his raincoat and sing "These Spanish Eyes."

People who know the suspect say he has reportedly been on a drunken binge for the past month. He is now under house arrest at Hammerman. "They won't let me go" he said in a telephone interview.

One Hammerman resident, who would not give her name, gave this description of the events that led to last night's arrest. "Six of us were playing the piano on the first floor, when in comes this guy in a trench coat and nothing else. He says, 'Tickling the keys are we' and then flashes at us. Well, one of the girls went and told every one on the first floor to come and see the show. In about fifteen minutes, thirty of us were watching this guy trying to play the piano. He was terrible. Then a few minutes later, someone gave him a guitar and he started playing flamenco music, all the time with nothing on but a trench coat. Finally after about an hour, the crowd thinned out and the

security guard tried to take him away. But some of the girls wouldn't let her.

Several Hammerman residents were asked if the apprehended suspect was the same man that had been exposing himself during the year, and if so, how come someone so notable as the SGA president had gone unrecognized. All of the women said that they had never "thought to look at his face."

One woman said that "she recognized those features anywhere. After all, He's flashed me eight times."

One resident said that she knew the suspect personally and that he had been having many problems in the past month. "He kept on saying that only older women knew his peculiar needs."

The suspect for now, is being guarded by several RA's in Hammerman, under what they call, house arrest.

SAGA food promises to be more painful than before

"Starting in the fall we will offer dorm students the option of either staying with the present meal plan, or they will be able to sign up to receive intravenous nourishment instead."

This is a response to student complaints about the poor quality, lack of variety, and tastelessness of the food, he said. The injections will be given once a day, although the time and place has not been determined. Students will be able to administer the injections themselves, thus decreasing the crowds and long lines for the rest of the students at the cafeteria.

The Decade of Decision Program has long range plans to replace the present food service

with the IV units by the year 1984. This would reduce costs by doing away not only with the expense of storing and cooking the food, but the entire cafeteria staff entirely. While Mr. Poliski noted that since the amount of food actually cooked now is minimal, "every little bit counts." He also commented that, "with the 5-1-5 starting next year, whose going to have time to eat anyway?"

Plans to house the new science center in the cafeteria have been considered by the administration, but many trustees still prefer the corner of Cold Spring and Charles, because they feel it offers "visible evidence to the community of Loyola's presence."

Terrorists demand dining room

Seven hostages and the sports department mascot are still being held captive by three armed students in the faculty dining room in the Loyola College Student Center.

The siege, which took place on Maryland Day, has produced a bloodshed, taut nerves and doggy-poop on this small college, as campus security guards say they refuse to negotiate with the student terrorist demands.

Those demands were spelled out during a news conference last Saturday. They say they will not release their hostages until students have been granted unlimited access to the faculty dining room. On top of this demand, they also want the head of a faculty member, Mrs. Carol Abromaitis, on a silver platter. If these demands are not met, they

threaten to feed a hostage a day to the starving Greyhound mascot.

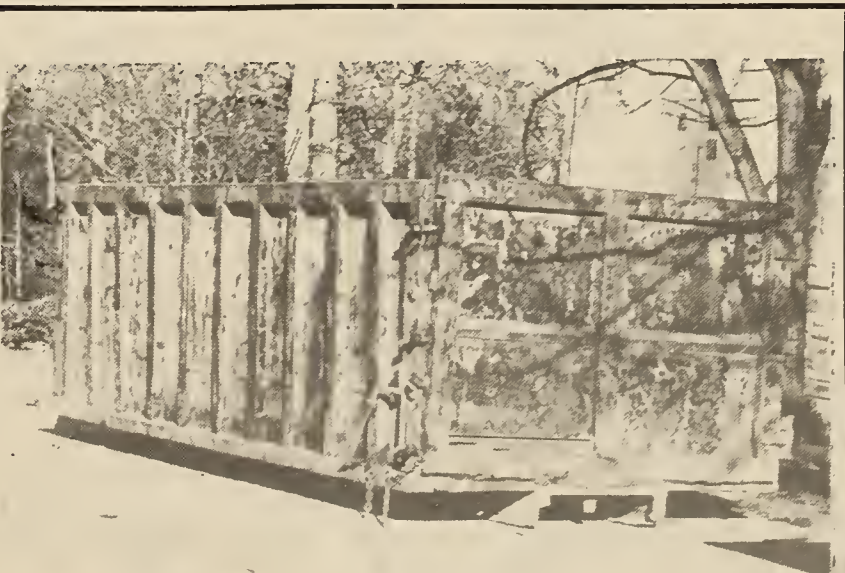
The hostages themselves say they are in excellent condition. In a telephone interview, one hostage, Dr. Thomas Scheye, told this reporter, "Take your time. We got lots of food down here, but the champagne is kinda runnin' low. The escargots are holding out fine though so we're happy. Don't storm the building or else they say they'll lock the ice box. Oh, and tell Barbara hi for me." Dr. Scheye is a faculty member of the college.

The three terrorists themselves are all Loyola college students. They call themselves the Loyola College Yacht Club. In last week's news conference, their leader gave this account of themselves:

"We want justice for all aristocrats. We are not garbage. We deserve the best because we are cosmopolitan. We want to eat in luxury not squalor. You get that woman Abro the Babo down here or else heads are gonna roll. We're arrogant so watch out."

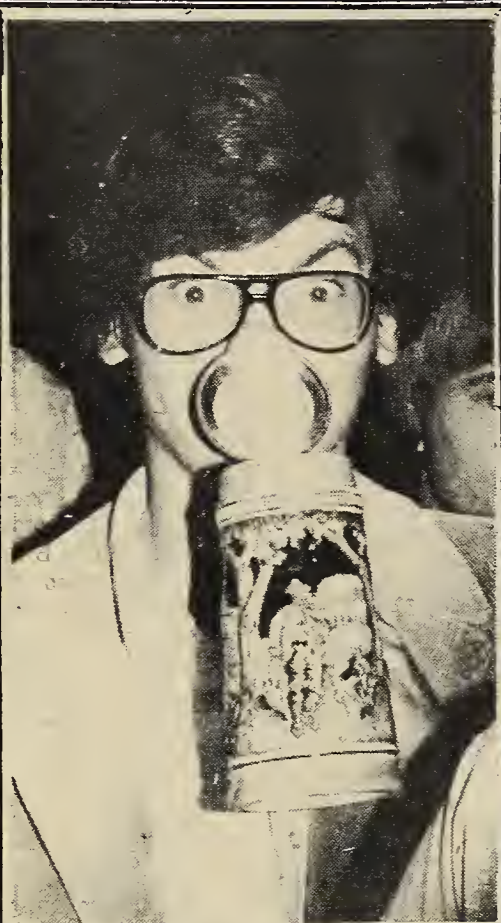
College officials are taking a wait and see attitude toward the situation. Joseph Sellinger, S.J., president of Loyola, when questioned about the situation, said, "You know, we just had our 125th birthday the other day."

Loyola's security force is working overtime shifts to maintain the situation. Said one guard, "Overtime man. O.T. hot dog. Dat means get \$2.30 an hour plus half of that which means I'm gettin' altogether \$2.50 an hour. That'll buy a lot of smoke, hot damn."

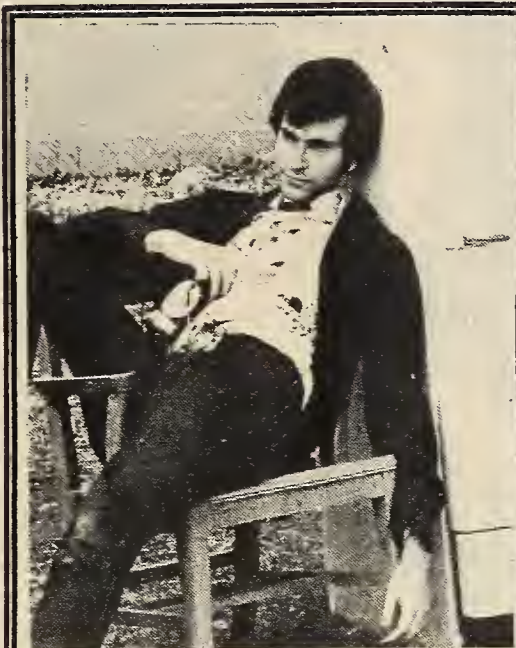


Dean Rough informed Admissions today that sufficient housing had been found for an additional 385 freshmen residents. Chains were installed on the doors to compensate for lack of security.

The 1976-77 edition of Who's Who Among American College Editors and Journalists



Bob Williams--editor-in-chief. The overman--Never in the office. Doesn't want to be. "There's a lot that gets done around here that you all don't see." No one will miss him when he's gone. Great at getting other people to do his work especially Stoler and Clarke. Barely tolerates Begley.



Wayne Stoler--Managing Editor--Token Jew. "I can get it for you wholesale." Types 150 words a minute, but only for cash. Constantly snickered at behind his back, and in front of his back. Eats pork. Patronizing. Bossy. Very cliché oriented. Confirms the fact that Jewish men are lousy lovers. Never dated the same girl twice. "I'm too good for him." Searches through desk drawers for stray exacto knives.



Carol Gesser--Features editor. The Quiet One. Broods constantly. Secretly hates everyone on the staff. Moves her lips when she reads. Has been heard to say to herself, "I'm a passionate person." Hates Begley, one of her few good points.



Annette Robison--Sports Editor--Jock wife. "Oh Paulie Baby's ma honey." Claims that her section is looked at by everyone. "Wayne's been in my drawers again." Not nearly intelligent as she doesn't seem. Has quit six times this year. Seven is lucky. Always wants free tickets.



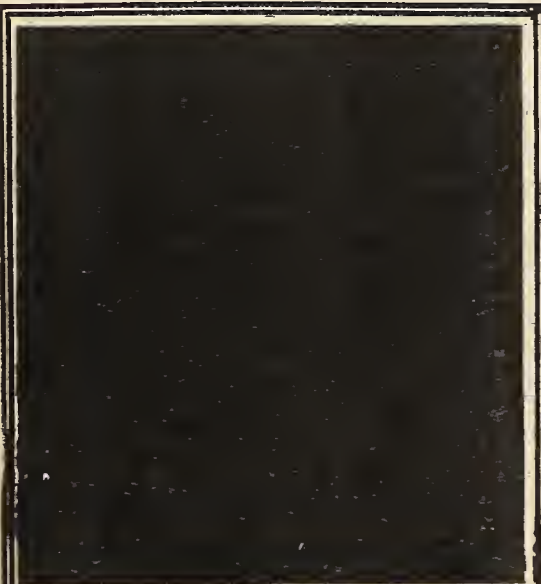
Janine Schertzer--news editor, heir apparent--Schizoid. Tried out for all seven roles in the movie "Sybil." Turned down because of an unstable personality. "Nothing good ever happens to me." If you see her say, "You're right, there is a conspiracy." Has been known to throw sharp objects at anyone who disagrees with her. "Everyone reads the news pages." Hates Begley, very very much.



Deborah Clarke--Business Manager--Secretary--Got the job because she goes out with the boss. "I'm liberated, Fly me." "How'd he know I got a 710." Says she'd go the other way for Gloria Steinem. Constantly reinforces Schertzer's world vision. Indifferent toward Begley.



Michael Begley--fired--Don't believe a word he says. Owes over \$1,100 in Parking fines. "I'm not paying it. I'll go the ACLU." He's rumored to be impotent (in his social dealings as well). Former forensic national champ. Doomed by the fact that he knows he won't ever do anything more notable. A sad case.



(photo by Randall Ward)
Randall Ward--Photography editor--resident ass. "Everyone likes me." Fervent woman chaser. "Wanna see my boat." Recognized by his mole-like eyes; a result of long hours spent in the dark room, naturally by himself. "Later."



Thomas Scheye--Moderator--The Missing Man--"Party Hardy." Only shows up twice a year, Christmas Party and Year End Party. Refuses to get involved. Hates anyone taller than him. Hates everybody. "You know I'm eligible for Teacher of the Year award this year." Staff voted him as best moderator the paper's had in three years. "Do I get an honorarium for it."

Bust op



The poop on Evergreen

by Your Mother

Marie Lewandowski and Larry Finnegan are an item. But not in this paper.

Recent recipient of the Dale Hess Distinguished Teacher Award (no kidding-it is really called that) Dr. Frank Cunningham emitted a strange odor when he received his award. Maybe he is not the only one who has poop on Evergreen.

Rumor Control

Outgoing Social Affairs VP, Elaine Franklin, is reported to have said, "now I don't get to meet the drummers in Billy Joel's Band."

Bob Verlaque is taking his retirement in style. Following the example of his mentor, Bob has signed up with the World Tennis Tour. "Look, if Jerry can play golf with Bob Hope and the pros, I can play tennis with the pros too." Rumor Control has learned that Bob's first opponent will be none other than transsexual Dr. Rene Richards. They will play in the Denmark Invitational.

The poor ROTC volunteer who tossed the grenades during the opening ceremonies of Maryland Day (it was supposed to simulate a twenty-one gun salute) lost three fingers in his exercise in absurdity. He was awarded a purple heart, however.

Remember those Hammerman girls who sent the letter to this esteemed newspaper last week, complaining about the new locked door policy in the dorms. ("Quite an inconvenience," they said). Well, Rumor Control has learned that was not their sole complaint. It seems that business has decreased sharply. Imagine, regulating free enterprise

Speaking of politics, new ASLC president, Marie Lewandowski says she

will have a surprise for the Loyola student body. But, says Marie, we'll have to wait eight more months. Your're such a tease, Marie.

Rumor Control has learned that Ben McGowan does exist!

While we're on the subject of non-entities, Vince Ambrosetti (The Mafia's non-candidate for president) has changed his name. Calling himself the Divine Mr. A, he's seen strutting at Charm City's gay watering hole, The Hippo, wearing glitter make-up, sixteen inch wedgies, crotchless panties, halter top, and day-glow pink wig. Now that's taking defeat in style.

Rumor Control has learned that Pat Young is not so young. It seems that she is an eighty-eight year old dwarf.

Larry Finnegan is a virgin.

Dr. Carol Abromaitis, most quotable member of the College Council, has come up with a really neat idea Rumor Control has learned. Dr. Abro has reasoned that the faculty has demonstrated by their use of the Andrew White Club that they know how to use the space in the student center best. "So, why not ban the students from the student center," quoth she. Bravo, baby, Bravo.

Speaking of idiocy: Sarge Carter sez, "I wan laje gape dink wiff paten lever straw." Give the man what he wants.

Horrors of horrors, Rumor Control has discovered that over fifty percent of Butler Hall is gay. It seems the trend was started

by J.M. and quickly caught on. "Listen guy, when you're away from home, it's a swell thing to do," said this year's homecoming queen, B. T. Well, remember guys, it only takes once.

Harry Karukas is Richard Nixon's bastard son.

Rich Gunzelman, once WLCR's head ass but for some reason segued into oblivion, is on the comeback trail. "Yeah man, it was tough. You know all that payola and stuff. But I'm off the crap now." It seems Columbian Records supplied Rich with drugged Twinkies.

Final Note: Mike Begley is really a nice person.

P.S. But an asshole.

ASLC President delivers farewell address: College in great shape now that I'm leaving

As you know, every year the outgoing student government president gives his "state of the college address." Because every one would think I'm lazy if I didn't give one, the following address has been composed by me during one of Charlie Hands's classes and I now give it to you.

Loyola now is on the verge of great things. They're getting me out of here, for example.

There are also some disturbing things happening at Loyola. For example, they are letting Jesuits teach in the classroom. They also let a woman succeed me as president. Now Marie may be cute in her own runtish way, but no one can deny that she is Polish, and that is dangerous.

Also, the college is in dire financial straits. This year alone, a whole entire class is graduating which means that Loyola will lose all of its tuition monies. I

hope the college can find some way to offset this loss but I don't see how.

There are other disastrous economic policies that the college is following. I have heard that the Sisters of Mercy that teach here are actually given salaries by the college. It is no wonder that the Jesuits are in the "Vanguard" of trying to have women priests.

While we are on the subject of tradition, let me also make a comment on tradition here at Loyola. Loyola has always been known as a backward school and I feel that it is dangerous to thwart that tradition by building science centers. Science centers are indicative of scientific things and history has shown that science only leads to progress. We must be careful.

My years at Loyola have been rich ones. As president of the student government, I made out all right, and covered my tracks.

They say may administration did not do anything for anybody and that is false, because I did a lot for myself and self help is the only help we ever get in life. Now I have stepped down as your president, and if they catch me it's too late anyway, it's all in Spanish Bank accounts.

There are, of course many people I would like to thank. The first of them is the ASLC treasurer, Ken Anderson. His ability not to ask questions got me a lot this year. I'd also like to thank all the members of my administration who, like me, did nothing. Thanks to them, no one looked like they were doing all the work, since no work was done at all. And lastly, I'd like to thank you, the students of Loyola college who elected me, and then did not impeach me.

Thanks to you I have something extra to put on all of my law school applications. I love you all very much. May God bless all of you.

Gary Gilmore to lecture

MARYLAND DAY, 1984

The spokesman looked tired and beaten when he said he would have to lead his band of followers to greener pastures. "It's been paradise, but what can you do?" He indicated that another area college might be the organization's next headquarters. "Somewhere they won't find us again. We were going to try Morgan State College, but they had to go turn into a University." He declined to reveal the group's final selection, but was reputedly seen thumbing through a few community college catalogues, mumbling, "Now, there're some real holes."

Bullshit by D.R. Belch

The Wide World of Torture

"Spanning the globe--bringing you the latest--the best--the greatest--the temporarily insane--convicted mass murderers--muggers--buggers--the cheats--the pimps--the arsonists--the larcenists--white collar criminals--beggar-beaters--statutory rapists--con artists--wife-killers--husband-gelders--suicid--maniacs--shoplifters--assass--forgers--embezzlers--vandals--sex offenders--dope dealers--dope smugglers--plain old dopes--gamblers--drunk drivers--vagrants--loiterers--republicans--curfew violators--runaways--convicted felons--suspected communists--spies--militarists--and many, many more! From around the world and across the nation we bring you the best in societal catharsis in ABC's Wide World of Torture..."

Curt: "Hello those of you at home and those of you here at Fenley Arena in Wilmington Beach, Florida! We're here today for the Third Annual Wilmington Beach Invitational--"

Frank: "And I'm here in Oskosh, Wisconsin, covering the mens' freestyle drawing and quartering. It's a beautiful day here in Oskosh--a great day for some fine slow torture!"

Chris: "And hello all from sunny San Francisco, California, where I'll be bringing you the highlights of the quarter finals in the Seventh Annual Bay Area Open. We'll be seeing such great events come our way as the final heats of the hot lead enema competition. We have teams from all over the West here today, some coming from as far away as Roosterneck, North Dakota!"

Curt: "O.K., thank you, Frank and Chris--I'm your host, and we'll be getting underway with the competition in just a moment but let me first say that the contents of this broadcast are copyright by the United States Attorney General's Office. Any rebroadcast of this material is prohibited by law. This broadcast is leased for the singular use of the American Broadcasting Company and its affiliate stations from coast to coast. ABC's Wide World of Torture is brought to you by Goodyear Tires--they keep going and going until they're gone--and by Gillette--for the finest shave a man can get--and by the Makers of Coca Cola, and Coca Cola Bottlers from coast to coast--it's the real thing--Coke. O.K., we're back! I see that the competition has just about gotten underway, so we'll go now to our man down on the field Ken Mulhaney--Ken?"

Ken: Thank you, Curt. We've got some really exciting torture for you today. We're now seeing the opening trials in the Rubber Bullet Dodging Competition. As you can see, there are six uniformed policemen standing in a circle each armed with a rubber bullet launcher. These babies pack one heck of a wallop, let me tell you! And I think--yes, yes--there he is! The prisoner has just been brought into the circle--it's twenty-nine year old John Graham of West Bend, Indiana. John is a convicted child molester and is up for parole this spring if he survives this event! He looks to be in great shape, Curt!"

Curt: "Yes indeed, Ken. John has been in training for this event since his incarceration last

August. His coaches at Leavenworth Prison say he is in top shape for this event. There--there we have a shot of his wife, Janey and their two children! Aren't they lovely!"

Ken: "And there's the whistle, Curt! Ooooh! My gosh, they scored on him right away, three at once! He's down now, but looks to be conscious. Wait! There's a penalty flag down! There's the whistle to cease fire! Penalty on number four. Officer Doug Baumburger. Let's see what the call is. There it is!--Illegal use of a dumb-dumb rubber bullet--Ooooh boy, that will cost the enforcers dearly Curt! There's a doctor out on the field now with Graham--he seems to be bleeding profusely from his abdomen, but I think--yes! The doctor has signalled the referee that the wound is not fatal! We'll go on with this event in a moment, Curt, but I notice something's happening at the other end of the field--back to you."

Curt: "That's right, Ken, they're about to begin the semi-finals in the Snake Diving Event. We'll go now to Ashley Hallmark on the field--"

Hallmark: "Thank you, Curt. We're now about to be treated to one of the toughest competitions in this tournament, Curt, and I've with me today Doctor Wilbur Johnson, one of the field doctors for this event. Dr. Johnson, what makes this event so grueling?"

Johnson: "Well, Ashley, it's primarily due to the fact that we push the prisoner into a pit of heat crazed cobras. I think the folks at home will especially want to watch--"

Curt: "Excuse me, Dr. Johnson, Ashley, but I hear we

are ready to switch to Chris in San Francisco for the big event of the day there--Chris?"

Chris: "Thank you, Curt, and hello again viewers! We're here at the Civic Palladium in downtown San Francisco where today we will see the terrific and breath-taking competition in the Steel Underwear Trials. In case some of you at home are unfamiliar with this event here is what to watch for: the prisoner will appear on your screen in a pair of specially constructed steel jockey shorts. The room around him, of course, is made of iron. At the sound of the whistle, the walls of the room are alternately magnetized. And there's the prisoner! It's little Jose Rodriguez, a sado-masochistic grandmother rapist from Alexandria, Virginia! And there he goes, into the room. There goes the door, locked and bolted behind him--there's the whistle--and oooohh! There he goes! Oooooohh! There he goes again! Oh boy, that must really hurt! He seems to be enjoying this, Curt, but just wait until they speed up the alternator on the little bastard! Oooooohh! That got to him! He's begging now! He pleading for mercy! Oooooohh! And there's the bell! Let's get our man on the sidelines in there for a few words from the twenty year old wonder from Alexandria, Virginia--Bob Drake?"

Bob: "Yes, Chris, I'm here with Jose at floor level--Jose, how do you feel? I mean, how did it go? Did you really expect anything like this?"

Jose: "Aaaaaaaaghghhhnnnnnnmmmmmmmmmmmmmm--agggggghhhmmmmmm."

Bob: "There you have it, Chris!"

Chris: "Great, great! He's really turning black and blue--friends and folks at home I hope you have color T.V. sets! This little honcho is really putting on a show!"

Curt: "Chris, we're switching to Oskosh. Frank's got the update on the action there so far."

Frank: "Hello viewers! We've really got some exciting events for you today--the Rapists' Castration Competition--an exciting freestyle flaying alive of an arsonist--and the great Heebie Jeebie Competition, in which competitors are tied down, covered with honey, and fed to red fire ants! A great afternoon in store! But right now we're going to see the finals in an event I'm sure you'll all love: the strange but true Injections Competition, in which a panel of toxicologists are pitted against a convict. The competition becomes even more exciting, when the doctors try to outwit each other and think of the most original substance to inject into the convict. Our first prisoner is a homicidal maniac from Andersonville, Texas. And here we go! There's the buzzer. The referees have drawn lots to see which doctor will go first--"

Referee: "Dr. William "Wild Bill Casey--what is your pleasure?"

Dr. Casey: "Ummmmm--oh--how about four ccs. of cleaning fluid?"

Frank: "Cleaning fluid! Alright! A great choice by the veteran toxicologist from Oak Falls, Montana! And there they go! They're holding the prisoner down--and--oh--four ccs. of cleaning fluid right into his upper lip! Let's watch the reaction!"

Convict: "Nnnnnnnnnghhhhhmmmmmm--Aaarrrrgh!"

Frank: "O.K.--seven--eight--seven point five--just look at those scores--eight--a nine!--seven point five--eight--"

Crowd: "RAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

Frank: "And now, the second doctor. It's Dr. Gordon McNalley of Stephenson, Kansas. Dr. McNalley is being asked the question--let's listen!"

Dr. McNalley: "Umm--five ccs. of dirty crankcase oil."

Frank: "Okay! The crowd loves this one!"

Referee: "Which weight?"

Dr. McNalley: "Umm--twenty--forty weight."

Frank: "Oh my gosh! Twenty--forty weight motor oil! This will be something! There they go, the team of referees--they have the syringe--and--he's fighting it! He's fighting it! He won't let them near him with that syringe! This is really some kind of competition! He's got spirit! Ooooooh! And there you see they got it into him just below the left ear!"

Convict: "Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmgh--aaaaaaaiiiiiieeeeeee!"

Frank: "Curt! Curt! Can you believe this? I've never seen such spunk!"

Curt: "Yes, indeed, Frank. That certainly is something. Especially interesting was the way he turned green just before entering coma. A fine spectacle."

Frank: "And there they go--carrying him out. Here comes the next convict, a thirty two year old heroine addict from Queens, New York. They're strapping him down now--and the doctor has been selected--Dr. Henry Green of Wake Woods, Alabama..."

Dr. Green: "Give him twelve ccs. of giblet gravey--"

Crowd: "RRRRRRRAAAAAA AAAHHHHHHHHHH!"

Frank: "Will you look at those scores! Ten!--ninepoint five!--eight point five!--ten!--ten!--"

Curt: "And that about wraps it up for this week, friends. Be with us next week, when we will bring you the Iron Maiden Competition from Innsbruck, Austria, a water torture exhibition from Kyoto, Japan, decompression torture from the Bahamas, and a special sneak preview of a newly developed lobotomy technique from Kiev in the beautiful Ukraine, U.S.S.R.! For Frank and Chris, this is Curt saying good bye from Wilmington Beach Florida..."

"Spanning the globe--it's ABC's Wide World of Torture..."

Letters

Get him off

To the editors,

Who's this Mike Begley guy that always writes in your rag. He really sucks. Your paper has become even a bigger rag since he started writing for it. I wouldn't let him go out with my little sister.

Signed,
The development office.

Really me

To the editor,

I really wrote this letter. This is really my name at the bottom of it. Mike Begley did not tell me what to write. I think Mike is an average nice person. He really does need help though. I really wrote this. Honest.

John Kelly

Roots

Dear Editor:

i have bin ast 2 speek at ur skool bout mi roots. i expect. as u no, it took me a lon tim to reeserch them. cunte cinte is iz mi grate granfaver. kizzie is mi grate granmuver. an gorge walase is mi bruver. i will injoy speekin at yo skool. c u sone. Alex hailey

Wiseman

To the editors,

Once--again a wise man is proven right. I told them not to vote for me and they didn't.

Mark Fields.

Petitions

To the editors,

We the undersigned do declare that we will sign our names to anything, no matter what the cause. If you should have a petition, just come to us. We sign anything.

Bert Jones
Mary Joy Shields
Norris
Brooks Robinson
Steven McNierney
Bob Williams
Jo Schmo
Randy Ward
Anyone in the Radio Club
Anyone in Hammerman
Anita Bryant
Everyone in Campus Ministries
Pancho Gonzales
The Lone Ranger
Cheeta

Sex

To the editors,

I feel that it is about time that ALL THIS disgusting business about campus stop. I mean the business of people sleeping together and then everyone talking about it and not doing anything. Where's morality gone? Where are your scruples? Where's Anita Bryant. All you girls in the dorms better stop sleeping around with other people or else you will all go to the bad place. Remember, a dirty body is a filthy body.

Signed,
The Hammerman Flasher

Quad's

Dear Editor:

We deman rest room facilities for the handicapped. Our quadrapalegic friends refuse to use the one we now have.
Butler Hall Gay Caucas

Dope

Dear Editor:

You guys thought my April's Fool Issue was a Trouble maker. Wait 'til people read this crap.

George Epstein

Staff

Editor-in-chief.....Bo Didley News-editor.....Bo Belinski
Features editor.....Marshall McLuhan
Sports editor.....Larry Flynn
Photography editor.....Wyatt Earp
Managing editor.....Horschack

Writers.....Bowery Boys, Kool and the Gang, Lee H. Oswald, Cher, Chastity, Blaze Starr, Ringo Star, Jim Ringo, Ring around the collar, Joe Sellinger, Billy Carter, Robert Zimmerman, Joseph of Nazareth, Albert DeSalvo....

Photographers.....Ansell Adams, Richard Avedon.

The Grayhound is published occasionally whenever we feel like it. All letters to the editor are usually thrown away if they are critical in the least. Signed columns represent the opinions of any idiot on the staff. Address all correspondence to Richard Nixon, San Clemente, California.

Faces in the Crowd

The jersey of former lacrosse great, James Herbert, was retired during ceremonies in the Evergreen locker room last Saturday. While handing out uniforms for Saturdays game, the equipment manager left the cage. As the players tore the cage apart to find anything worth taking, someone was fortunate enough to find the jersey of the standout stickmen. All who have seen him play will agree that it was an appropriate way to honor this great athlete.

Michael "Mini" Maas has announced that he has challenged Sgt. Carter to a one on one game in basketball. They are going to play for the parking tickets that Mike has acquired in the past few years. When asked about his strategy, Mini said that he was going to park his car at mid-court and score while the Sarge ticketed it. Sgt. Carter plans to literally crush his opponent by sitting on him before the game.

A new basketball league is being started by Paul "Kitty" Farnon. Kitty has made a rule that before each game each

player must smoke 3 joints. "This will improve the play of most of these players", stated Kitty. If any of you have seen an intramural basketball game, you know what he is talking about. Ned Love has volunteered as referee

It has been rumored that Jay Connor plans to impeach lacrosse captain Paul Plevyak. Paul has been critized before about his subversive activities and inability to accept a role of responsibility and leadership. When asked to defend himself Paul squirted this reporter with a water bottle and ran giggling into the locker room where he locked himself in his locker until practice. "I didn't think the problem was serious until I saw Ron Smith and Roy Banks sucking their thumbs and reading National Lampoon magazines that Paul had given them," said Jay. Many students disagree with Jay's decision. There will be a rally to defend Paul tomorrow in the third floor broomcloset of Maryland Hall. All are invited to attend. Except for Paul.

The tallies have come in for the winners of the dance contest at the St. Patties Thrist Party. Russ Miller and Terry Plowman have won first place. They successfully knocked over 30 people, 10 of whom sustained serious injuries. This has been a strong team in the past and we are glad to see them win this year. When asked about their victory both of them screamed wildly that they would be back again next year. Mike Monaghan placed last in the contest as his only victim was Sr. Helen who he tripped while she wasn't looking. We can only hope that next year weak competitors such as Mike will not be allowed to enter the contest and ruin all of the fun for the others.

Returning to more serious matters, Dave Ferguson has announced his intent to continue his lacrosse career. "I've finally found a league that will offer me a challenge," said the former Loyola defensiveman. He has been in touch with the league officials and hopes to begin practice next week. "The only problem," stated Dave, "will be trying to convince the Dumbarton Recreation Council that I'm only 12 years old." Dave will be the second Loyola player, after Don Rutkowski, to try and play in the Dumbarton League.

The new freshman swimming star, Charlie "the Tuna" Smith, drowned in the swimming pool two weeks ago. Some of you are probably wondering why this tragic event was not reported until this issue of the Greyhound. Well it's the same reason that the tuna fish in the cafeteria tasted like chlorine today. Sorry, Charlie.

Ed Eby was actually sober enough last Saturday night at Mothers to hear Ned Love shout for last call. Ed attributed his amazing feat to Jay Connor, who did not allow any beer on the bus coming back from Georgetown. "I had a late start on Saturday nite and could never readjust my pace," said Ed just before he passed out.

And as a final note, Tim Cook continued his streak of not getting to dance with Mary Doyle at Loyola dances. "Every time I tried, those damn lacrosse players kept butting in," complained the flustered basketball star.

Behind the Scences

Jay Connor - Some people say that Gina Wain is a dominant influence on me. That's not true!.....Right Gina?

Mary Doyle - Timmy Cook is a lousy dancer anyway.

James Borra - I think that philosophy majors have a lot to offer the world.

Anne McCloskey - The only reason I'm Assistant Athletic Director is so that I can get the main field when I want it.

Jay Connor - The next time Pat O'Malley wants the main field, I'm going to have my players throw lacrosse balls at him.

Pat O'Malley - And you can tell Jay when you see him that, I'm not getting off the field.

Midas - I wish that when Jack left for the weekend he'd at least leave the door to the bathroom open. I hate this newsprint all over my ass.

Tennessee Jed - I don't see what the difference is between writing articles for the April Fools issue and the regular issues.

Dave Metzger - None of those girls in Hammerman Hall knew that I was "the Flasher" all along. That just proves what they were really looking at.

Tom O'Connor - I knew the basketball team would eat shit this year. That's why I wanted to be Athletic Director.

Michael "Mini" Maas - I don't care how much money they pay me; there's no way I'm going to work with Ferguson, or Plevyak.

Dr. Cunningham - Accountants are the reason that the world needs philosophers.

Fr. Sellinger - (after his keynote address) Promise them free drinks afterwards and they'll clap at anything you say.

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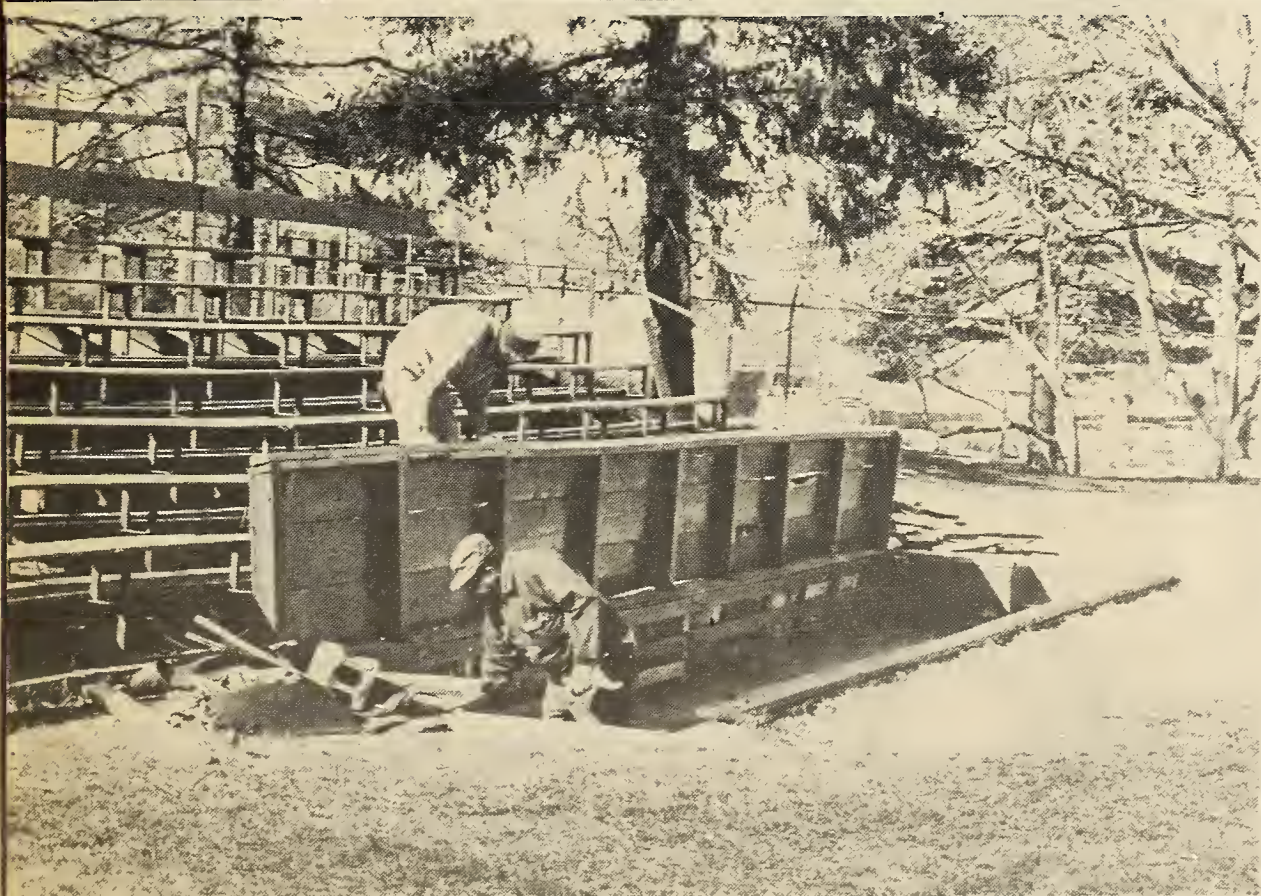
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fun Day, Saturday April 30, 11 a.m. until dusk (rain date: Sunday, May 1). Softball, recreational games, beer, food, and entertainment. Individuals and teams must register by Tuesday April 5th on Intramural bulletin board or with Tom Shaughness. Anyone interested in working on committees see Patti McCloskey or athletic office.



Who says O'Malley and Connor are clowns?

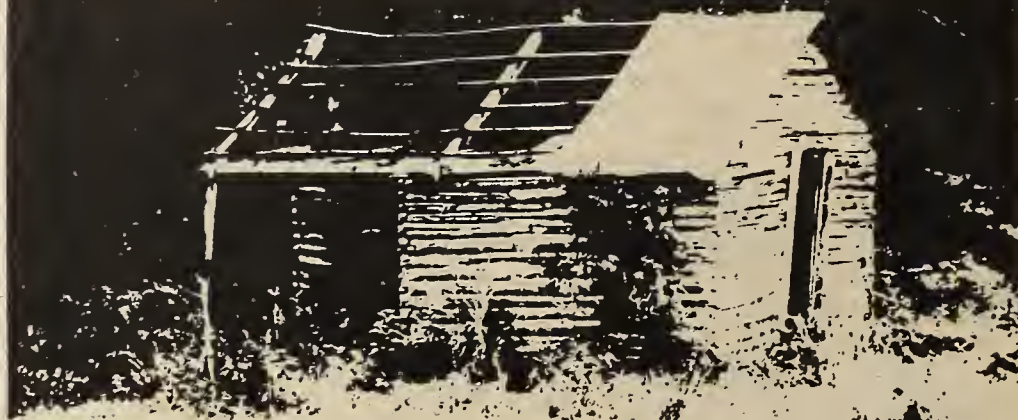
Wilson Bean

by Mike Bagel

Regretfully Wilson Bean will be leaving Loyola. He is excepting the offer from the Phoenix Suns to be their starting center. It was a tough decision for Wilson, as he had been previously offered the job of the Mayor of the Munchins' in the first interracial Wizard of

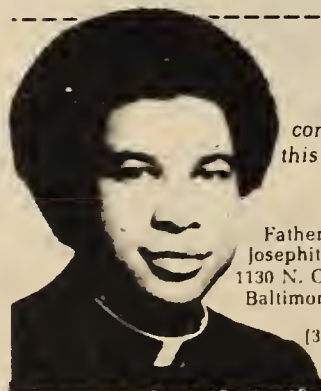
Oz. But, Wilson, in the great shape he is wanted to stay away from the play-boy boozier life and head where the hard work was. Wilson was unavailable for comment, he was fast asleep on the locker room bench with his teddy bear (called Jack Daniels) in his arm.

ROOTS



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